

## Praise by [prettyboiiharringrove](#)

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**Summary:**

anonymous — If you feel like it, could you write some about Billy's praise kink? ABO or not, I just really love Billy with a praise kink and it's hard to find PLUS you write it so well. Thanks for all you do!

## Praise

“You gonna be good for me??”

“I’m always good,” Billy nods proudly, only the slightest hint of a smirk. At first Steve thinks Billy’s decided to be a brat today, that he wants to play, but then Billy looks at him with his brows scrunched together and a pout taking place on his lips. God, he can’t pout his lips out like that without making Steve’s breath hitch; it’s just too tempting to make Billy get on his knees and rest his cock between those plump little lips. He shakes his head, gathering himself when he hears Billy speak with child-like worry. “Aren’t I?”

“Yeah Billy, you’re so good,” Steve nods, gently grasping Billy’s jaw and stroking his cheek with his thumb. Billy practically purrs under the gentle touch and slight praise. Billy must have had a long day, because Steve can tell he’s so desperately craving his attention and approval.

“I’m the best,” Billy retorts with a playful smile and Steve snorts, shaking his head.

“You’re a brat is what you are,” Steve teases and pats Billy’s cheek in a gentle slap when he sticks his tongue out. Billy scrunches up his nose, pretending to be annoyed, but he hears the little huff of laughter that escapes Billy even as he tries to fight it.

“You love me,” Billy whispers with a smile as Steve presses light kisses to his skin. It starts out as a joke, but when Steve snorts against his neck, his heart starts to pound. “Don’t you ??”

That’s when Steve realizes it’s one of those days, one where Billy is so fragile and he needs Steve to praise him because he’s forgotten how to see the good in himself. Steve’s scared of what he might see when he gets Billy’s shirt off, knows that there will be bruises that weren’t there a few days ago, there always are when Billy gets like this.

“You know I do baby,” he assures him, nipping lightly at his shoulder through the thin fabric of Billy’s shirt. “How could I not? Look at how beautiful you are.”

Billy whines at the attention, melts as Steve satiates his craving, his need for praise.

“Want you to take this off for me, wanna see you,” Steve bites his shoulder once more, pulling the fabric in between his teeth before pulling away. “These too,” he whispers tugging at Billy’s belt loops.

Billy’s more shy on days like this, less like a jungle cat and more like a scared doe, he needs comfort, guidance, reassurance that it’s safe to keep going. He bites his lip, stripping his shirt off and swallowing hard. He knows Steve will see his mottled skin, and he’s always worried that he’ll turn him away because of it, that Steve will finally see that he’s truly not worth it, that he’s as undesirable as Neil keeps telling him he is.

That will never be the case, and on most days Billy knows that, but not today, not when he’s like this.

“You’re perfect,” Steve whispers, pulling him close and kissing the first patch of bare skin he can get to. He lets his hands fall between them, helping Billy unbutton his jeans and peel them off along with his underwear. He wants to see all of him. “So...goddamn...perfect,” he punctuates each word with a kiss to his warm flesh.

His nimble fingers find Billy’s already hard cock and he smirks against his skin. If it were anyone else, it wouldn’t be this easy to get Billy all riled up, but all he needs is a few of Steve’s kind words and he’s lost.

“Can you go lay down for me, wanna look at you, *really* look at you,” Billy doesn’t need to be told twice. He crawls onto the bed, face down ass up, presenting and ready to do whatever will make Steve happy. It’s hard for him to handle the scrutiny of someone looking over his body, observing the physical manifestation of his deepest darkest secret, but this is Steve, he *trusts* Steve.

“No,” Steve sighs, his hand gently stroking up and down his spine. “You need to relax, I meant it, I want you to lay down.”

“But I wanna take care of you,” Billy argues, and Steve can hear the pout in his voice, the guilt. “I wanna be *good*.” Steve shakes his head,

wishes Billy didn't have such a warped and limited view of what good meant.

"And *this* is what I want, I want to play with you, help you relax, so you're gonna lay down for me and be a good boy," Steve traces Billy's bare skin with his fingertips, frowns as he finds the new bruises, hates how Billy's muscles tense ever so slightly when he touches them. He leans forward to whisper in Billy's ear. "You're gonna let me take you apart because that's what I want. Can you do that for me sweetheart?"

Billy lets out a guttural moan, even though Steve's barely touched him, letting himself fall into the mattress with the need to obey as quickly as he can. Steve chuckles, ruffles his hair as an affectionate gesture.

"You're so beautiful," Steve whispers, and Billy arches his back without thinking, the combination of Steve's compliment and his hard cock being trapped between him and the blankets on Steve's bed a little too overwhelming.

"Bet I could just tell you to cum and you'd do it for me, wouldn't you? Wouldn't have to even touch you, could just tell you how goddamn gorgeous you are and you'd be gone, that's how amazing you are," Billy groans, can't stop himself from lightly thrusting once, *twice* against the blanket as he waits for Steve to touch him.

Steve starts carding his fingers through Billy's hair, lets his fingernails dig into his sensitive scalp and Billy whines, leaning into the touch. Billy panics when he can't feel Steve's warmth anymore, he's there and then he's gone, and Billy thinks he's just been pulled out of a dream he wasn't ready to wake up from.

He doesn't realize he's making any noise until Steve is back by his side, shushing him, until he feels a few tears falling down his cheeks and landing on the blanket below him. The bed dips as Steve sits next to him, fingernails now lightly scratching up and down his back.

"Hey, I'm right here baby, I'm not going anywhere," he promises, leaning down and kissing Billy's spine. Billy hears something click, like the cap of something's been opened, and he feels really stupid for

crying when he realizes that Steve left him to get fucking lube. He thought he was being abandoned when really Steve was just trying to take really good care of him.

He tries to bite back all the mean things he has to say about himself, about being stupid, annoying, a fucking mess, but he can't. He jams his eyes shut, whimpers, and this time it isn't one of need or pleasure, but hurt.

"Hey, hey, what are you thinking ??" Steve sighs, moving so that if Billy were to open his eyes and turn his head he could see Steve. "Talk to me."

He swallows hard, looking at Steve with guilty eyes and frowning. He knows Steve won't want to hear it, he'll be upset, but he'll be more disappointed if Billy doesn't answer. "I'm bad, the *worst*, not worth it," he blurts out. He keeps his head turned towards Steve, but he stops looking at him, buries his cheek in the pillow, tries to force down his shame.

"That's not true, you *know* that's not true," and okay maybe Billy doesn't know that, but Steve wants him to believe it and he knows that Steve thinks better of him, so it's something. "You're worth more than I could ever give you, you're perfect."

"Want anything you'll give me, want you," Billy reaches for him, manages to grab his thigh and takes a deep, shaky breath at the contact. He needs Steve to keep him grounded, already feels a little better from the praise alone.

"You gonna let me take care of you now baby?" Steve questions, squeezing his hand before moving and letting it fall to the mattress, straddling his left leg and kissing between his shoulders.

"Is is still what you want?" he questions shyly.

"Yeah baby, it's all I want right now," Steve answers breathlessly, fingertips dipping between Billy's cheeks, gently teasing his hole. Billy whimpers, pliant under Steve's touch.

"Then y-yeah, take care of me, *please*," because even if it's what Steve

wants, he's got some fucking manners, knows that even if Neil's lessons are bullshit most of the time, Steve may be the only person on this entire goddamn planet that has earned his respect.

Steve kisses the back of his neck and then down his spine. Billy can't see much, just sees Steve reaching for the lube, and then he feels the cool liquid dripping down onto his skin, pressing between his cheeks and he knows it must be a fucking mess, but Steve loves messy, so he doesn't care. It's Steve's bed after all and Billy won't complain, not when he's getting this attention; he'll just steal the blankets from Steve's parents room if they're too tired to clean up.

He whines and wiggles as Steve pours some of the cool liquid directly onto his hole, but then he moans as Steve's warm hands moves from tracing the dimples on his lower back to spreading him, and Steve licks a strip over his hole. Billy shivers under the attention, but then Steve's finger is teasing him before he even has time to take a breath.

Steve's free hand moves to scratch up and down his back, to ease away any residual tension, and Billy relaxes under his touch easily, enough for Steve to make it up to his second knuckle with barely any resistance.

"You're doin' so good," Steve slowly starts to pump his finger in and out, the sensation barely a tease, Steve's words pleasuring him more than anything else. He starts to pick up a sort of rhythm and suddenly Billy's begging for more. "Yeah, I've got you sweetheart, don't you worry."

Steve doesn't leave Billy wanting for long, a second finger gently easing into him, the same slow tease as before as Billy adjusts, and then he's picking up his ministrations, desperate to hear all the little noises Billy makes when he lets himself give in to the pleasure. They stay like that for a few minutes, Steve's soothing hand on his back a pleasant contrast to his eager fingers and more cool lube opening Billy up and helping him come undone.

Eventually Steve starts to work a third in and he has to remind Billy to breathe, because even though the stretch doesn't burn, it's just on this side of too much, every little touch of Steve, every kind word just a little overwhelming.

“God, your hole’s so fucking greedy, it’s like you’re trying to swallow my fingers,” Steve doesn’t even realize he says it, and Billy takes it as something negative until Steve’s leaning forward, biting his neck and whispering, “You take it so good baby, so fucking sexy.”

After that, the more Steve talks the more Billy finds himself trying to fuck back onto Steve’s fingers because it seems to him like Steve likes it, and it feels so fucking good that he doesn’t exactly mind humoring Steve.

At one point he tries to get up on his knees again, thinks the leverage might help Steve go deeper and good fucking god does he want him deeper, but Steve notices his intentions before he gets a chance to move all the way and moves his steadying hand to the base of Billy’s spine, keeping him down.

“I told you to lay down,” Steve scolds, and when Billy goes limp underneath him, collapsing back under the bed with a whine, Steve smirks, leans forward and bites his fucking ass cheek, making him jolt with a yelp.

“That’s a good boy,” Steve muses, and Billy can’t contain the blissful moan that weasels its way up his throat. Steve angles his fingers just right and Billy can’t help the way that his hips stutter when he finds his prostrate. Steve teases for a few moments before relentlessly stroking the bundle of nerves, bringing Billy closer and closer to the edge.

“S-Steve, fuck *Steve*,” he groans, hands gripping tightly at the blankets as he tries to hold back, to keep himself from completely letting go, he still needs to please Steve, can’t just give it all up in one go. Except, that’s exactly what Steve wants.

“God, you’re so fucking beautiful baby, how could I want anyone else when I’ve got you right here ??” Billy whines, the praise almost enough to make him cum; he’s barely able to keep himself together.

“Steve, I’m gonna, f-fuck stop or I’m gonna—”

“You’re gonna what baby ?? You gonna cum for me ?? C’mon, I want you to, want to see how fucking pretty you look,” and that’s enough,

Billy arches his back, his toes curl and everything whites out. Steve makes sure to watch him as it happens, the way his body trembles, the way his eyes squeeze shut even though his mouth falls wide open, the way he leans even more into Steve and his hole clenches down tightly on his fingers, Billy's body as eager to hold onto Steve as Billy himself is.

He's reluctant to pull his fingers out, almost regrets it as Billy's body unconsciously tries to follow them and Billy lets out an involuntary whine.

"God, I love you," Steve whispers, moving up on the bed to lay next to Billy as he comes down, moving a few strands of hair off his sweaty forehead. His hand finds its way to Billy's hip, tracing a rather large purple bruise on his side; he tries not to fixate on it, looks back up at Billy with a sweet smile, refusing to ruin this perfect moment.

"Y-yeah??" Billy questions breathlessly, finally looking at him. Opening his eyes and having Steve be the first thing he sees after such bliss makes it hard to understand why Steve thinks he's so beautiful. That doesn't matter though, Steve thinks he's beautiful and worthy, Steve loves him, and that's more than he could ever ask for. His entire body is tingling, and he feels warm and bright. It's only Steve that can make him feel this way, that makes him feel *right*.

"Of course I do baby, look at you, look how fucking perfect you are. I love you so goddamn much," Steve captures Billy in a kiss that holds such passion, such meaning that it wipes away any lingering doubt and all Billy feels is safe and loved and complete.

Billy can't help the smile that takes over his features, doesn't care that it makes his cheeks hurt, because he knows nothing will ever be as amazing as his time with Steve. Steve's found a way to make the bad days worth it, has found a way to breathe life back into Billy when he felt like the slightest gust of wind could send him floating away.

"I love you too."